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THE

# SHOWER OF PEARLS.

A COLLECTION OF THE

## MOST BEAUTIFUL DUETS,

FOR

TWO SOPRANOS, SOPRANO AND ALTO, SOPRANO AND TENOR, SOPRANO AND BASS, AND TENOR AND BASS.

ARRANGED WITH AN ACCOMPANIMENT

FOR THE

## PIANO-FORTE.

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## THE SHOWER OF PEARLS.

#### THE MURMURING SEA.







#### FOR TWO VOICES.





#### I WOULD THAT MY LOVE.







#### LIST, TO THE CONVENT BELLS.

John Blockley.











3.

He.You'll own your temper's very bad, Looks so flouting, always pouting.

She. Your's is enough to drive one mad, Suspicious, jealous, doubting.

He. You know my passion don't remain, She. But soon as off begins again,

He. O, how vexing, She. How perplexing,

He. You'll put me in a rage again.

Both. O dear, O dear, &c.

He. Madam, we had better part, Than by living constant din in.

She. O, I'll agree with all my heart, Let's be the task beginning.

He. I hereby bid a last adieu,

She. And I now take a final view,

He. North, She. South,

He. East,

She. West,

He. Take which corner you like best.

Both. O dear, O dear, I now for life Am rid of my termenting wife, O dear, O dear, I now for life Forsake the office of a wife.

"Well then, Madam, as you are determined to go, good bye."
"Good bye, sir." "You'll recollect, Madam, 'tis all your own fault." "I sey your pardon, sir, 'tis all your own fault." "I say 'tis your's, sir." "Zounds, Madam, I say 'tis yours. You know I never was in a passion."

My dearest love, dont leave me so,

Without measure, you're my pleasure. You know, my love, I could not go, For you're my darling treasure.

Then for the future let's agree.

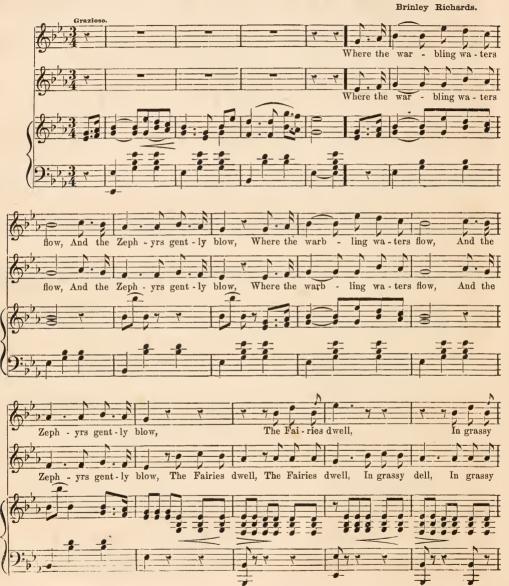
She. And live in sweetest harmony,

Nor let to-morrow She. Bring forth sorrow

He. To crush our sweet felicity.

Both. O dear, O dear, 'tis the joy of my life That ever I became your wife, O dear, O dear, 'tis the joy of my life That ever you became my wife.

#### WHERE THE WARBLING WATERS FLOW.







King.







#### THE HOUR OF PARTING.



















#### THERE'S A SIGH IN THE HEART.

Fricker.











## GO THOU AND DREAM.













3 Do not blame me when I seek him, With these wan and weary eyes; Can you tell me where he perish'd, Can you show me where he lies? No, no, no, no,
Yet there surely is some record.

Yet there surely is some record, When a brave young hero dies. 4 Had I watch'd beside his pillow,
Had I seen him on his bier
Oh! I must have died of weεping,
But I cannot shed a tear;
No, no, no, no,
Let me still think I shall see him,
Let me still think he is near.

### GENTLY SIGHS THE BREEZE.









## AH! COULD I TEACH THE NIGHTINGALE.





## A, B, C. COMIC DUET.

#### REPRESENTING A LADY TEACHING A FOREIGNER ENGLISH.

Parry.

Gentleman's part to be pronounced in broken English throughout.













# WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?















### TWO MERRY GIRLS.















### THE TWO COUSINS, Continued.

















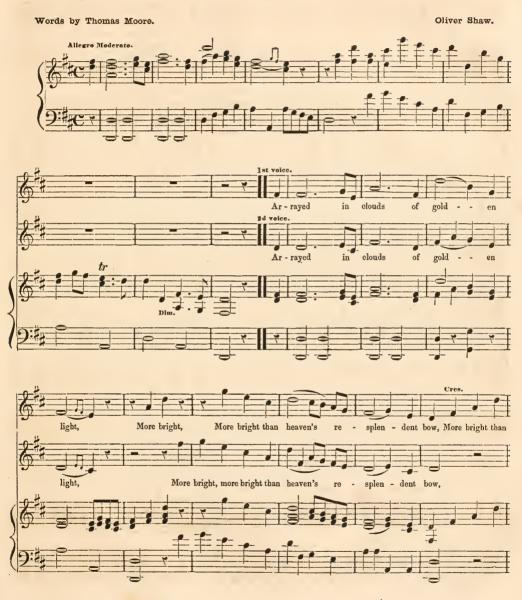








## ARRAYED IN CLOUDS OF GOLDEN LIGHT.





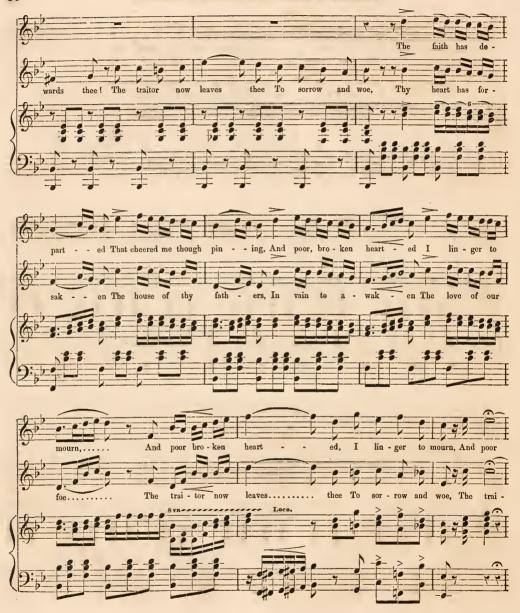


# THE HOPE THAT THE NEAREST.

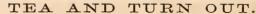
From "Lucia di Lammermoor."





















## EVENING SONG TO THE VIRGIN.







#### ROY'S WIFE,

AND

#### THOUGH YOU LEAVE ME NOW IN SORROW.











## COME O'ER THE MOONLIT SEA.













#### OUR WAY ACROSS THE SEA.

















### WHILE THUS AROUND JOY HOVERS.



















# WHEN NIGHT COMES O'ER THE PLAIN. S. Nelson. Allegretto E Delleatezza. 1 st. Voice. 1. When Night comes o'er the plain, And At ev' - ning's qui - et 0 hour, 2nd. Voice. Where oft I've welcom'd thee. moonlight o'er the Oh! meet me once a gain, When sea, To which we used to And seek thy peace - ful bow'r, roam. I'll leave thy moun - tain home, Il - lumes the verdant I'll leave my lone - ly first the glow-worm's ray, lea, way, And long neglect - ed lays, Whose brightest theme be - longs То sing the old - en songs,





## MEET ME BY MOONLIGHT.

Arranged by R. Shrival.

























### THE MESSENGER BIRD.

















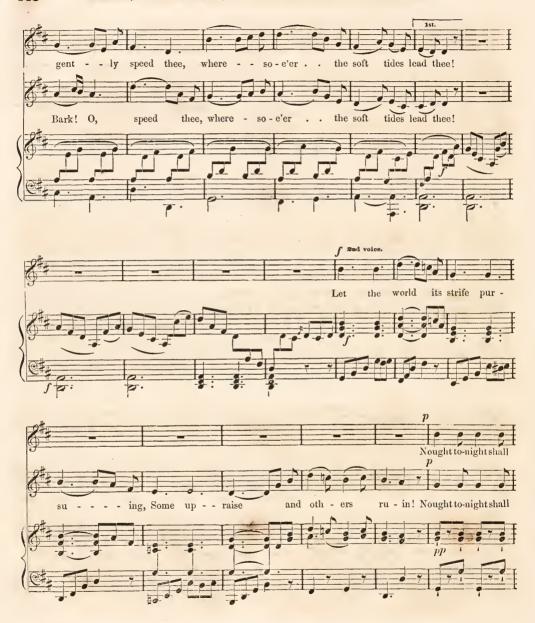




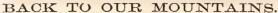
146 SPEED, MY BARK, O, GENTLY SPEED THEE.

Neukomm. Speed, my Bark! ly speed thee, where Speed, Bark! my 0, thee! O'er the silver stream careering Where the graceful Swan is veering, Speed, my lead mf thee! lead tides O'er the silver stream, the silver stream careering, Speed, my soft tides lead thee. Where Ο, soft tides ly speed thee, Where so - e'er . . . . the gent













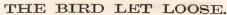


## DARK DAY OF HORROR.

















From a favorite German air. Accompaniment by J. P. Hullah. Moderato. to the foun tain; Sing me tain; Come, with thy to the foun Sing me of the moun tain; tain ; ing, Sing of the There, while the ray is de - clin happy and ing,









3 Ti daro Cento Seudi, Fidulin. Sta borsa ricama,

Colla bella, &e.

4 Non voglio Cento Seudi,
Fidulin.

Ne borsa rieama, Colla bella, &e.

5 Io vo bazin d'amore, Fidulin.

> Che quel mi paghera, Colla bella sua boeca Colla bella se ne va, Fidulin.

Alas! hath laid thee low. Now amid thy native bed,

Envious weeds with branches spread, Unkindly grow.

3

No freshening dew of morning, Lovely rose,

Thy infant buds adorning, Lovely rose,

To thee shall day restore.

Zephyrs soft, that late caressed thee, Evening smiles, that parting blessed thee,

Return no more.



























HOLY MOTHER, GUIDE HIS! FOOTSTEPS.















Home of all my best beloved!
Where, untouched by care, I roved;
Where, 'mid smiles and play, seemed given
To my heart a daily heaven.
How, ah! how, methinks I see

How, ah! how, methinks I see Childhood's day again with thee; Where, untouched by care, I roved, Home of all my best beloved!

Guardian Mother! Eden blest!
Holy shelter! lap of rest!
Long as aught of life I cherish,
Till its last fond pulses perish,
Joys that all to thee belong
Still shall be my duteous song;
Nurse of all our kindred band!
Guardian Mother! Parent land!

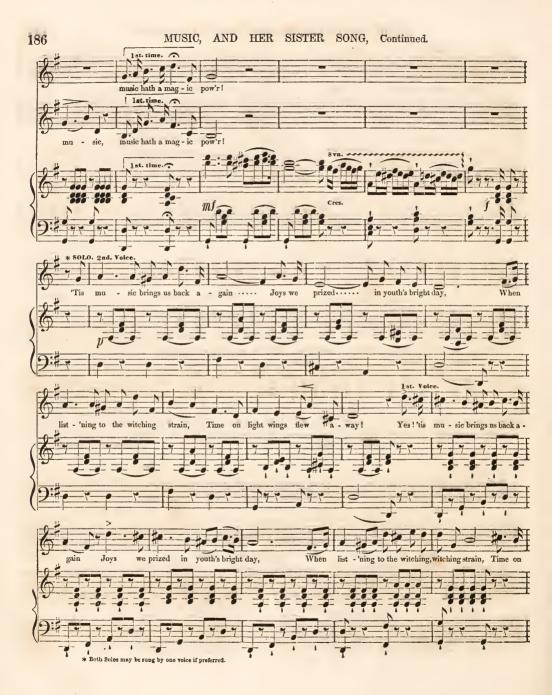
Heimath, Heimath, lieb und traut!
Wo ich einst mir aufgebaut
Unter Lust und Spiel und Scherzen
Einen Himmel meinem Herzen.
Taglich schau' ich gern zuruck
Nach der Kindheit reichem Gluck!
Heimath, Heimath, lieb und traut!
Theure Heimath lieb und traut!

Muttererde, Paradies!
Welch' ein Laut so lieb und suss!
Will, so lang mir Blumen bluhen,
Rosig meine Wangen gluhen,
Singen oft aus froher Brust,
Freuen mich der Heimath Lust!
Muttererde, Paradies!
Welch ein Laut so lieb und suss!

## MUSIC, AND HER SISTER SONG.











## FLOW ON THOU SHINING RIVER.





## THE LEAF AND THE FOUNTAIN.

H. R. Bishop.





3.

"See, up the dark tree going,
Blossoms around me blowing,
From thence oh Father, this leaf I gather,
Fairest that there was growing,
Say, by what sign I now shall know
If in this leaf lies bliss or woe;
And thus discover ere night is over,
Whether my love loves me or no,
Whether my love loves me."

4.

"Fly to you fount that's welling
Where moonbeam ne'er had dwelling,
Dip in its water that leaf, oh Daughter,
And mark the tale 'tis telling;
Watch thou if pale or bright it grow,
List thou, the while, that fountain's flow,
And thou'lt discover, whether thy lover,
Lov'd as he is, loves thee or no,
Lov'd as he is, loves thee.

5.

Forth flew the nymph, delighted,
To seek that fount benighted;
But, scarce a minute the leaf lay in it,
When, lo, its bloom was blighted,
And as she asked, with voice of woe,—
Listening, the while, that fountain's flow,
Shall I recover, my truant lover?
The fountain seem'd to answer "No;"
The fountain answered "No."





## ROME! THOU ART NO MORE!





Rome! thine imperial brow
Never shall rise:
What hast thou left thee now?—
Thou hast thy skies!
Blue, deeply blue, they are,
Gloriously bright!
Veiling thy wastes afar
With colored light.
Rome, Rome, &c.

Thou hast the sunset's glow,
Rome, for thy dower,
Flushing tall cypress bough,
Temple and tower!
And all sweet sounds are thine,
Lovely to hear,
While night, o'er tomb and shrine,
Rests darkly clear.
Rome, Rome, &c.

Many a solemn hymn,
By starlight sung,
Sweeps through the arches dim,
Thy wrecks among.
Many a flute's low swell,
On thy soft air
Lingers, and loves to dwell
With summer there.
Rome, Rome, &c.

Thou hast fair forms that move
With queenly tread;
Thou hast proud fanes above
Thy mighty dead.
Yet wears thy Tiber's shore
A mournful mien:
Rome, Rome! thou art no more
As thou hast been!
Rome, Rome, &c.





From "Lucrezia Borgia."

















